

FIESTA

BY OREN ARNOLD
RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

READ THIS FIRST:

Bill Baron, a footloose Texan, has just been rescued from a band of Yaqui Indians, holding him for ransom, through a bold move on the part of Ellen Dale, Hollywood screen star. Ellen and Bill had been staying at the wealthy Montoya ranch across the Mexican border where they found themselves after a lucky parachute jump from Baron's plane during a storm. Ellen, enchanted by the atmosphere of old Mexico, finds herself growing much interested in Bill. Also rescued with Bill was Panola Montoya, the ranch owner's daughter whose invitation to ride with her led to their capture by the

Yaqus themselves verified her statements.

"The chief asks why he should live up to any such agreement," Bill explained, after some talk. "He wants to know why he should not now kill all four of us. He says he has never been able to trust white men. I ought to threaten him with soldiers if he gets tough, I guess."

"No," said Ellen, quickly. "Tell him if he breaks the Yaqus' agreement, he will be as untrustworthy as the whites. Do you see, Bill? If his tribe is to break its word, it will be no better than white people!"

Bill stared at her for a moment. "Smart trick!" he murmured. "If I can make it clear to him that the diplomacy worked. Human gratitude is a powerful thing, and pride is even stronger when properly touched. Ellen had won the gratitude of the two Yaqui captives, and she had turned her political and personal charm on the Yaqui chieftain now. Before they quite realized it, the white people were free to return home."

The four whites immediately filed away, past the staring Yaqus, onto the descending trail. They moved about. Their horses apparently had been confiscated after they arrived.

"Don't mention horses or anything else," Bill counseled, "but get out of here as promptly as possible. We can walk it, barefooted even. I'm telling you women, you don't know how lucky we are!"

He retained his skepticism even when they had moved out of sight of the village and were a mile or so away. They had paused here so that Mrs. Montoya could wrap cloths around Panola's feet to effect makeshift shoes. Both Panola's and Bill's feet had started bleeding, from the rough rocky trail. But Bill simply grinned at his, and made mock braggadocio as to his "full dress" suit.

With every hundred yards, it seemed, the moods of the various trekkers seemed to change. Panola grew consistently angrier, and soon was talking rather stupidly about what she would like to do to the Yaqus. Her threats were echoed by her mother.

Ellen had said almost nothing on the down trail, after learning in detail of Bill's and Panola's experiences since they left the ranch. The party had moved painfully another mile or so, and had stopped for another rest, before any form of thanks was given Ellen. The American girl was sitting on a rock, and Bill was leaning against it, relaxed. Panola was lying on the grass where her mother was rubbing her aching legs.

"I still don't believe it," Bill drawled. "But I hope it's true. I don't see a sign of a Yaqui now." No one answered, and Bill turned to Ellen.

"You are rather—fine," he said, pausing briefly. "One of these days I intend to take up the matter of thanking you."

Ellen looked intently at him. discerned that he was quite serious. "It will not be necessary, Bill. I was indebted to you, remember. I still am."

"No. Never any more, anyway. But I'm kind of squelched, Miss Dale. I weigh 130. Big he-man—see? Western man. Dashing; strong."

She smiled then. "Don't be silly."

"Ho hum, and I might have had my name in the headlines!"

"Bill Baron, I believe you are getting in a mood! And by the way, you called me Ellen back there. Why do you call me Miss Dale here?"

"Did I?"

"All right, but I'm not in love with you. You did the rescuing. I'll never live it down."

"Oh, stop it! But I'm glad to see you normal again. Your face showed strain a while ago."

Bill stood up straight then. "Listen, lady, I was strained! We were in a ticklish spot, let me tell you! And for love nor money I couldn't see a way out. All kidding aside—Ellen—you were swell!"

He took her hand, squeezed it. He was not smiling when she looked into his eyes.

"I think you mean it, Bill," she murmured. "It's all the thanks I need."

They hadn't moved more than a mile farther when the foot-weary women and man turned into a canyon and sighted a cavalcade.

"Es Julio!" shrieked Senora Montoya.

It was indeed Don Julio, and Felix, and some 30 other men, looking like a troop of cavalry so heavily were they armed. They had followed into the mountains when Don Julio's patience had reached the breaking point. The old rancher had expected his loved ones to return—if ever—before nightfall of that first day, but he had not known of the distance to the Yaqui village, nor of the incredible roughness of the trail. He meant to raid the Indians, come what may. Now he was overcome with joy.

Ellen and Bill were left out of the melee of conversation for several minutes. All in Spanish, it could hardly be followed by one man anyway. Some of the men seemed anxious to go on after the Yaqus and Panola concurred, urging them to go and take revenge for the insult. But when Ellen understood the trend, she vetoed it.

"No! Tell them no, Bill! It is impossible. It would be foolish as well as dishonest to break our word now!" She was holding his arm, instinctively clinging near her own countryman.

When she heard Ellen, Panola came toward her, trembling with what surely was forgivable weariness as well as rage.

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Holland's Royal Christening



A view of the scene in Groote Kerk, Protestant cathedral at The Hague, during the christening of Princess Beatrix, 14-weeks-old daughter of Crown Princess Juliana, is shown above. Juliana is holding the baby, while her husband, Prince Bernhard, and Queen Wilhelmina look on at right. (Central Press)

Electrical Changes That Occur In Human Body

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

THE HUMAN BODY is an electric field, and changes in electric potential occur with many of its activities. In the modern hospital this fact is daily used by the employment of an apparatus which records the heart beat through the changes in the electric potential associated with the contraction of the heart muscle. But many other, even subtler, changes can be recorded.

For instance, changes in the electric potential of the brain can be measured by an instrument known as the electroencephalogram. To obtain such a record, electrodes are placed close to the head on the different sides and the oscillograph records different waves. These were first described by Hans Berger over a decade ago and are called the "Berger rhythm."

The most prominent waves that occur are regular at the rate of 8 to 15 per second. They are interrupted when the eyes are opened or if a light is flashed, if the experiment is conducted in a darkened room.

Caused by Brain Functioning The waves evidently are the result of the functioning of the brain, not just casual circulatory changes, because mental activity, such as solving a difficult arithmetical

problem, will change or interrupt the rhythm. Slight mental activity, such as being read to or listening to a boring conversation (unless this has emotional effects, as is usually the case) does not affect

the rhythm. Intense emotions, such as worry, anxiety, embarrassment, abolish the rhythm altogether. Sleep changes the pattern of the brain rhythm.

This rhythm does not make its appearance until the fourth month of infantile life. After that there is a gradual increase in frequency until the tenth or twelfth year, when the adult frequency is established.

When this apparatus is attached to people in a hypnotic sleep, the pattern of the waves is the same as that of an awake but resting person. The suggestion of light abolishes the waves in a hypnotized person in the same manner as the actual stimulus of light. When, in a daylight room, it was suggested to the hypnotized subject that he was blind, the rhythm appeared; when it was suggested that he could see, the rhythm disappeared.

VICE PROBE PROVES BOOMERANG



Judge David Evans Sheriff Walter Liskowitz With the wheels of justice thrown in reverse, a municipal judge, a sheriff and a former prosecutor who launched a vice investigation at Waukesha, Wis., found themselves indicted. Judge David Evans, left, was charged with mutilating records, perjury and larceny by bailer; Sheriff Walter Liskowitz was charged with having tipped off a saloon before a raid. Both denied the charges. (Central Press)

Halt Society Wedding Nine' Saved in Traffic



Miss Caryl Nicolson ... wedding banned A court order halted the wedding of Miss Caryl Nicolson, pretty young Chicago society woman, and James Logan Abernathy, president of a Kansas City furniture firm. The bridegroom's former wife instituted the proceedings, charging that Abernathy had tricked her into divorcing him. (Central Press)

Boys Hear Hoover



Herbert Hoover ... cites aims for boys "Just as Fascists build their boys to support a Spartan state, we want to build our boys to support a democratic state," Herbert Hoover, former president, told the annual convention of Boys' Clubs of America, meeting in Chicago. He advocated a "special bill of rights" for boys.

Strikes at Filth



Vincent de Paul Fitzpatrick ... hits "filthy" magazines Hinting that "filthy" pictorial magazines soon may be given the same treatment accorded "dirty" movies a few years ago, Vincent de Paul Fitzpatrick, president of the Catholic Press association, attacked "mercenary and degenerate" publishers in an address at the annual meeting of the Catholic editors in New Orleans. (Central Press)

Jersey Rabbi Assails Hague



Rabbi Plotkin, who faces loss of his synagogue and deportation from Jersey City, N. J., because of his voiced opposition to the policies and tactics of Mayor Frank Hague, is pictured in Jersey City as he addressed an anti-Hague mass meeting. Police issued a permit to hold the meeting indoors—a departure from recent "gagging" of all opposition meetings. Hague's rule of his town is now under Federal scrutiny. (Central Press)

New Mars Hill Dormitory Honors President's Wife



Mars Hill, May 21—An important event of the 82nd commencement program at Mars Hill College will be the dedication May 26 of the new Edna Corpening Moore dormitory for women. The dormitory, a modernly equipped, fireproof building accommodating 120 persons, will be named in honor of Mrs. R. L. Moore, wife of President Moore, in recognition of her 41 years of service to the college. Mrs. Moore's unselfish devotion to Mars Hill college and to heroic service to youth seeking an education are, many believe, without parallel and are in no small degree responsible for the growth of the college. When Dr. Moore accepted the presidency of Mars Hill College in 1897, then a struggling school in an almost isolated section of Madison county, Mrs. Moore, a member of a wealthy family of Caldwell county, was a bride of two years. She cheerfully and enthusiastically took her place beside her husband in the task to which they were destined to devote their lives. One by one Mrs. Moore has seen her dreams for the college come true. The physical equipment of the college now includes a 100-acre campus with 14 buildings for administration and residence, besides several cottages, and a modest endowment. The enrollment this year was over 700 students from half the states of the

United States and three foreign countries. The duties which she once did are now assumed by full-time experts. The college now has an efficient dietitian with a corps of helpers, who have up-to-date culinary equipment including a refrigeration plant and modern bakery. Each of the dormitories is presided over by a capable trained nurse in a modern infirmary. The new dormitory for women has been named for Mrs. Moore despite her protest and will stand through the years a fitting memorial to her. The building is located on an elevation commanding an inspiring view of the campus and surrounding country and is the largest and most attractively appointed residence hall on the campus. Much of the funds for its erection have been contributed by former students and others as an expression of their esteem for Mrs. Moore and in appreciation of her years of unselfish service.

Deliberately he walks through the grass. Pausing to smell a dandelion; Then a pettle must be poked and patted To see if it will run; At last, With serenity upon his face, He condescends to approach me Unhurriedly. But it appears That I am of less interest Than even a blowing feather!

MRS. R. L. MOORE

To Wed Hitler?



Princess Maria of Italy ... will she be dictator's wife?

According to reports current in court and social circles in Rome, Dictator Adolf Hitler of Germany "hopes" to wed Princess Maria, above, 23-year-old daughter of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. One rumor has it that Hitler already has asked for the princess' hand and that she may accept when they repay Hitler's recent visit to their country in the near future. (Central Press)

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NOAH NUMSKULL
OUR SCRUB TEAM IS LEADING THE LEAGUE AGAIN!
DEAR NOAH—HOW CAN WE GET THE "HOUSE MAID'S KNEE," IF THE MAID IS ON A VACATION?
MIJ RALLOK, TOLEDO, OHIO.

NOAH NUMSKULL
NOW I'LL GIVE YOU A DIRT YOU DUDE!
DEAR NOAH—WHY DID MIKE GIVE PAT A NASTY LOOK WHEN HE ALREADY HAD ONE?
C. GAY, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.